THE

COPIE

OF A

BARONS

COURT:

Newly translated by

WHATS-YOU-CALL-HIM,

Clerk to the ſame.

Printed at *Helicon*, beſide *Parnaſſus*, and are to be ſold in *CALEDONIA.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publiſher of the following Poem is credibly inform'd that the Author thereof was the learned and facetious Mr. *Patrick Anderſon*, *Dr.* of *Medecine*; Who, beſides his other Works, both Hiſtorical and Phyſical, wrote a Book in *latine*, 8*vo*. printed *Edinb.* 1635. entituled *Grana Angelica*, concerning the Nature and Uſe of theſe famous *Pills*, which are now commonly ſold by the Name of *Anderſon's Pills*.

BARON, BAILY, OFFICER.

**Bail.* GOD save your worſhip. **Bar.* Welcom Baily; How
Does *Kate* my Aunt, and *Will* my God-ſon do?
What News abroad? How ſells the Bear I pray?
**Bail.* The Prices riſes ev'ry Market-Day.
**Bar.* Good News y faith: Come Sirra, fill ſome Ale.
**Offic.* He loves the Tongue that tells him ſuch a Tale.
**Bar.* Good Baillie, pull him home; It's white I think
You are not dry, or loves not well our Drink.
**Bail.* O Sir it's ſtrong! **Bar.* And yet our Browſter ſays,
It is a fault comportable always:
And this I think my ſelf; For now I ſee
Wine is a Stranger unto each Degree.
**Off.* And long may it be ſo; For We could want it.
**Bail.* You ſpeak the Truth; I think the Laird will grant it.
But O! the tender Stomachs are oppreſt
With Cruditys, and Mine among the reſt.
**Bar.* Drink *Aquavitæ* Baily, that's no fault;
The Sp'rit of Drink is now confin'd in Malt.
As for my ſelf I can as well be merry
With the Bear-Pickle as the *Spaniſh* Berry.
**Bail.* But let me interrupt your Worſhip; Why
Did *Jack* your Foot-Man call me haſtily?
**Bar.* Some Diſappointments makes me male-content,
I cannot live, and live not on my Rent:
My Court and Juriſdiction is as free
As any not exceeding my Degree,
And you Sir Bailly know that I can do it,
My old Inſeftments lead me juſtly to it.
**Bail.* Not to offend your Worſhip in Effect,
I dare be bold, it is your own Neglect:

your

Your Predeceſſors, of good Memory,
Did manage Maters with Audacity;
Your Power, Sir, is not a whit abreg'd,
Nor yet was theirs more amply prive'eg'd.
**Bar.* You're right indeed: And I forſooth reſent it,
And poſſibly ſhall make ſome to repent it.
**Bail.* Sir, Hold a *COURT*, that we may clearly ſee
Th'alledg'd Abuſes of the Barony.
Go Officer, and warn the Tenents in,
And where VVe ended let Us now begin;
If with your VVorſhips Pleaſure it could reſt
To countenance the Court, your ſelf; 'twere beſt.
**Bar.* Go to, Sir Baily, for I muſt confeſs
You are ſufficient for the Buſſineſs;
I'le to the Hunting: Hey Dogs! Hey Dogs! Hey!
Great pity were to loſse ſo brave a Day.

BAILY, CHAMBERLAIN, CLERK,

†*Ch.* GOod morrow Baily. †*Bail.* You're the Trout I wiſh'd
If for a great one I had all Day fiſh'd;
Whence came you laſt? If asked it may be.
†*Chamb.* From compaſſing my Maſters Baronie.
†*Bail.* I cry for Mercy; I am thick of Hearing.
†*Chamb.* Sir, You may mend it, by a double Spearing.
†*Bail.* From *Conqueſſing*, I thought your Speech had been.
†*Cham.* Play on your Friends. †*Bail.* Yet ſuch Play has been ſeen;
But to the Purpoſe: Is your Book about you?
†*Chamb.* A *Pſalm*-Book Sir? Lo there is one! what doubt you
The Moon is at the Full. †*Bail.* So may ſome ſay,
The Laird was like for to go mad the Day;
It is your Book, Man, of Recepts, I mean.
†*Chamb.* Excuſe Me Sir, it was by me miſta'ne;
What needs a Book of that Kind or Condition;
I have Diſcharges of my Intromiſſion. †*Bail.*

†*Bail.* That's not the Matter: I would only ſee
The Count of Reſt, if any Reſts there be.
The Laird complains, and hath ſome cauſe I trow,
At *Whitſunday* his VVorſhip hath ado,
And yet his Mails and Dutys come not in
Till that the *Kalends* of the next year rin.
This ſtains his Credit, damnifies his State,
And this Abuſe is bred but of the late.
†*Chamb.* The Roomes are rental'd to ſo high Avail,
The Tenents termly cannot pay their hail:
The bygone years (you know Sir) have been ill.
†*Bail.* They do not ſo (you'll grant) continue ſtill.
†*Chamb.* I cannot help't: I poyn'd, arreſt, remove,
And all I do is for the Lairds Behoove.
†*Bail.* But give me leave, he much condemns your Sleuth.
†*Chamb.* You jeſt I hope: I pray Sir tell the Treuth?
‖*Bail.* And adds this more (for He envies your pelf)
Indeed He could be Chamberlain himſelf:
‖*Chamb.* Good CHAMBERLAIN y Faith! Ev'n let him try
If He can gain more by that Craft nor I.
‖*Bail.* Lend Him but twenty Pieces, I'le be plain
Ye ſhall be Friends yet or the Morn again.
‖*Chamb.* He's hungry: But my ſelf ſhall never fill him;
Pay my Advancements, take my Office till him.
‖*Clerk.* Ye're Gentlemen of great Experience,
I humbly would intreat your Patience;
I wonder oft at one thing; That's to ſee
Such Alterations in this poor Couutrie.
This Gentleman, whoſe Court We are to hold,
His Father conqueſt: But this Man hath ſold;
Yet at his Death he left his Living free,
And ten for one, He keept in Familie,
Brave Gentlemen, with double Horſe and Boys,

He fill'd the Cauſey with compleet convoys.
His Son hath but a Foot-Man and a Page,
To whom he pays but little or no wage,
And if He rides to any publick place,
His Train is packt up in a leathern Caſe.
‖*Chamb.* It's good to have the Grace of God ye know,
But here I halt, and let my Paſſion go
‖*Earl.* Good Chamberlain, this Text you ſhould refer
For to be handled by the Miniſter:
We'll go no higher: Clerk but ſince you ſpeer
The cauſe of this great alteration here;
I will not undertake to tell you all,
But ſome that ſeems to be moſt principall,
This Gentleman of whom we now diſcourſe,
(For I have ever known him from his Nurſe)
When that his Father yeelded up the Ghoſt,
He was of Age but fifteen years at moſt;
Then he began to rattle and to reel,
And kick'd againſt the Colledge with his Heel;
Horſe, Hawks, and Dogs, with Guns, and ſuch Munition,
Began to get his Morning Repetition.
And thus he liv'd till he was twenty Year,
His Tutors found his Paſtime was too dear,
They did reſolve to ſend him unto *France*,
To learn to parle, handle Armes and dance,
But what a Rank this ruleleſſe youth keept there
Will now be ſeen upon his ſon and heir.
He ſalted to the Rigs with Charges vain,
No Rain that falls can make them freſh again.

Lady, Baily, Chamberlain, Clerk, Officer.

‖*Off.* MADAM, the Members of the Court are met,
All is not right, the Chamberlain doth fret.
‖*Lady* Where are they now? ‖*Off.* below into the Hall. In-

‖*Lady* Incontinent I will go ſee them all.
‖*Bail.* God ſave your Ladyſhip. ‖*Lady* And you Sir Baily,
The Laird hath won, and you muſt pay the Failzie,
‖*Bail.* VVhat is the Matter? ‖*Lady* I did lay a Crown
You ſhould not come before the Day at Noon.
‖*Bail.* But I durſt lay the beſt Ox in my Plough,
Madam your Tenents think it ſoon eneugh.
‖*Lady* Good Baily, Fleg them, fleg them, fleg them Thieves,
They multiply upon us termly grieves;
It's *Lambmaſs* now, and yet we want our Ferm,
My husband bought a fleet horſe at the Term,
And I my ſelf did ſell a ſcore of *Hoggs*
To buy three couple of theſe *Engliſh* Doggs,
In caſe the Laird with *Caption* were preſt,
He may hunt on to *Berwick* with the beſt
‖*Bail.* God ſhield your Ladieſhip but too much Cares.
‖*Lady* I love not *Hunting* that brings home no *Hares*.
‖*Bail.* The Gentleman is generouſly diſpos'd,
You need not think all that's in hazard loos'd.
‖*Lady* This is a Fault remeedileſs in Men,
VVhich you ſir baily perfectly do ken;
Find Me, 'mongſt twenty, one in all this Life
That will take Councel from his wedded wife.
Though Women be not edutat at Schools
I'm ſure they are not all created Fools.
To make him free, I will'd him ſell a Town,
Tho' of the worth he would give ſomtwhat down;
It's miſery to ſee a man ſo ſet,
To rack his Rental, and obſcure his Debt;
This is my Verdict till the Day I die,
A Man hath no more Rent, nor he hath free.
The Chamberlain I trow is of my Mind;
‖*Chamb.* I never think to meddle in that kind. ‖I

**Lady* I hope directly I did never wrong you.
**Chamb.* I'le shift for one: Hereafter part among you.
**Bail.* Courage Madam, redeem the Time bygone,
There's Earth enough to build the Dyke upon.
You have a Son, a Son of Expectation,
A braver *Youth* is not in this our Nation.
Descended of the best of *BARONS Blood*,
His Tocher yet may make all matters good.
**Lady* And marry with his equals too? **Bail.* No, no;
Your Ladyship did not hear Me say so.
Go match Him with some wealthy Merchants Child,
So that the Wench be beautifull and mild;
Thus shall you have some twenty-thousand Pound.
Which will relieve the burden of the Ground.
**Lady* That were the path-way (God forbid) to wrong us,
There's too much else of *Burgess-Blood* among us.
Away with all that's got with Perjury,
Light weights, false Measures, and with Usury;
E're I disgrace his Parentage a Jot,
I'le rather sell if 'twere until my Coat.
**Bail.* I must confess, He is a lusty Lad,
But Money now is ill for to be had.
**Lady* I scorn that ever my Posterity
Degener should from true Gentility.
**Bail.* Gentility is nothing else, Madam,
But Wealth continued in an House or Name;
Empires beginning had, and Endings too.
So hath the Race of ancient Barons now.
Fatalitys are sometimes so prepar'd,
That Laird turns no man, Merchant turns a Laird.
Barons, you see, of singularity
For Means do mix with Popularity.
**Lady* We will advise. **Bail.* It's good to advise indeed,
¼ *ANGELS* will breed you an immortal Seed.*¼* i. e. *Gold*.

Sir

BARON, LADY, BAILY, CLERK, OFFICER, TENENTS.

**Off.* Sir Baily, all the Tenents are conveen'd.
**Bail.* Clerk fence the Court. **Ten.* The great God be our Friend,
For any thing that we can see or say
No Mercy is for none of Us this Day.
†*Clerk*, Silence: I fence, and I forbid in plain,
In the Behalf of our dread Soveraign,
And in the Name of the right honourable
The Laird and Baily, sitting at this Table;
That none presume to speak, Tho' for a Friend,
Unless that Leave be asked and obteen'd
†*Bail.* Go forward quickly, and read on the Rolls,
That We may know the Rest of Farn-Years Bolls.
†*Clerk*, *John Peterson*, *John Paterson*,
John Dunkison, *John Davison*,
Tom Taylor, and his Brother,
Will Waker and his Mother,
The old Good-Wife, and her Son *Gibbie*,
John Jamson, and stinking *Tibbie*,
The over-town, and nether-town,
The wester-town, and cotter-town,
The Foul-Foord, and the Miln-town,
Brank forment him, and the Hiltown.
The Mutton-Hole, and reek thou there,
The windy-Walls, and Whissell-Bare.
†*Off.* They are all present. †*Ten.* Here Sir Baily, Here,
We cannot run no faster to repeer.
†*Bail.* *John Davison*, com tell Me what's your rest
For you are one I know can pay it best.
†*Jo. Davison*, Rest said you Baily? Marry God be lo'ed.
My Neighbours kens I get but little o'ed,
†*Bail.* Behold that Villain rightly unde rstands,
And yet unrightly answers my Demands,

I muſt ſpeak *Scots*, Swingeor, let it be ſhawen
Into the Court, what thou art juſtly awn.
†*John Daviſon*, My awen, I thank you little or nothing,
Was ever mine ſince you began to reign.
†*Bail.* Gods pity, how can fleſh and blood abide him,
The Raſcall has ſo many holes to hide him.
†*Off.* The Laird is lighted, for it's more nor Noon,
And ask'd at Me if that the Court was done.
†*Bail.* Intreat his Worſhip humbly to come in,
He's come in time, I pray thee fellow run.
Your Worſhip's wellcome, I have been full neer,
Your Baily; Sir, I think this twenty year,
And yet ſuch Knav'ry did I never ſee
Under Pretext of plain Simplicitie;
John Daviſon as each man hears and ſees,
He cuts me off with *Amphibologies*.
†*Jo. Daviſon*, I jumph a boll? or yet a Peck? No, no!
I rather baily brake my Leg in two;
God bleſs the Laird! I trow his Worſhip knaws,
I am a man that hath no Happer-Gaws.
To tell you Sir the clipped Veritie,
I had a *Stagg*, a bonie beaſt to ſee,
Our good young Maſter, the young Laird I mean,
In a good time, He coſt him heer yeſtreen;
Whoſe Price he ſaid his Father would allow,
And this coupleets my bygone Mails, I trow.
‖*Bar.* Paſs from him baliy, for this time, I ſwear
If that I chance to live another year
I'le teach them better manners. Clerk, call on;
‖*Lady*, A word my Heart, you's go again anone.
‖*Off.* behold the Ladys tender Love: I'le lay
She's fear'd her Son ſhall get a Blow to Day.

We

**Bail.* We will be doing till the Laird return,
Let them make Moan who have best Cause to mourn.
Tom Tailour, answer quickly and compear,
What are you resting for your bygone year?
‖ *Tom Ta:* At Pasch I lent the Lady twenty pound,
In payment of the Duty of the Ground.
Before you all in publick I protest,
I owe no more, and this compleats my Rest.
† *Bail*, Call for the Laird, I do not understand
This form of payment that's from hand to hand.
**Lady*, Go Officer, round in the Bailies Ear,
That he would pass from poor *Tom Tayler* there,
**Bail*, It shall be so, *Will Waker*, what say you,
It's not your fashion to advance I trow.
**W. Wa.* God help me Sir: I cannot well deny,
And yet I have my Summer Meal to buy.
‖ *Bail.* Go Officer, and poynd his house with speed,
He's not so poor as he doth peep indeed.
I mov'd the Laird to give him something down,
Yet notwithstanding he will play the Lown.
Call on the Tennents of old *Whisset-bare*,
How now? I think I see none of them there:
Cause note them absent. *Windy-walls* compear,
What are ye resting for the foresaid year?
**Tenn.* More nor our room can pay, as you well ken,
If you exact't, we are but herried men.
‖ *Bail.* I cannot let these crafty Villains pass,
I'le tell you Clerk the story as it was,
The Laird that's dead, a Baron of good worth.
Whose Conscience did bear his Credit forth,
In all his Conquesses, and in this too,
This Town I mean, which they do labour now, The

The ſame Companions did give up that day
The Rental, which they now refuſe to pay.
Go Officer, and poind them, Man by Man,
I'le meet their craft the beſt way that I can.
**Bar*, I'm come again to ſee how matters falls.
**Bail.* VVe're at the Tennents of the *Windie-walls*.
**Tenn.* The *Windie-walls*, a place and name moſt fit,
And ſo is ſeen on us poor men in it.
**Bar.* I know your ſhifts, ſo did my Father too.
‖*Tenn.* VVe're in your will, do what you liſt to do.
‖*Bar.* It's notour, that I lent you money here,
To pay your debts, and pay a ſtronger Feer?
I'm born to ſet you Land, ſo that you pay,
But not to entertain you tho' I may.
‖*Bail:* Call on the Tenents of the *Over-town*.
‖*Ten.* Here's our Diſcharges Bailie. *Bail.* Lay them down,
They reſt nothing indeed. *Bar.* Go take them in,
And with the beſt Ale roundly pack their skin:
Theſe are the Lads that I may lippen till,
Go to your Dinners, Eat and drink your fill.
**Off.* The reſt, Sir Bailie, have Diſcharges too.
‖*Bail.* That likes me well, we have the leſs ado.
Unlaw the abſents, and ſee that ye poind
The Tenents reſting, as you was enjoyn'd.
**Clerk.* Sir Bailie, pleaſe, you have not ended all,
There are ſome bills yet of complaint to call.
‖*Bail.* Be ſhort then Clerk, I cannot ſtay, ſay on,
**Clerk. John Dunkiſon* againſt *John Davidſon*.
**Bail.* That *John Davidſon* he is a pakie Knave,
He doth moleſt us more than all the lave.
†*Jo. Da.* I never had a pack in all my life,
But one, I waſted wooing of my VVife.
†*Bail.* Your VVorſhip hears, who can abide his mocks?
† *Bar.* Go Officer and put him in the Stocks. † *Clerk*

‖*Clerk*, As alſo Baily, here poore *Maggie Beans*
Upon *Will Waggrels* heavily compleans.
‖*Off.* That is a wonder, ask at *Sandy Sim*,
For ſhe did on y love *John Dick* and him.
‖*Bail.* What is the matter? Quickly *Meeg* ſay on.
‖*Maggie Beans*, *Will Waggrels* is the man I plean upon,
He promiſd me good *Bear* to ſow indeed,
Yet he conceiv'd me ſir, with rotten ſeed,
Hold you that reaſon Baily? ‖*Bail.* No:
It is a common cauſe, none will ſay ſo.
VVhat ſay you *Will*? ‖*Will Waggr.* I ſwear by *Saint Muff*
In all my Stack I had no better ſtuff.
‖*Bail.* VVithout all queſtion you muſt pay her Loſſ.
‖*W. Wag.* I'le do no leſs, becauſe I am her Goſſ.
‖*Lady*, Now for my Intereſt Baily I compeer,
VVe have a kid Thief to our webſter heae,
A greater Knave lives not I think nor He,
Cauſe puniſh him and that exemplarly.
**Webſter*, Baily! Now for the love of God but hear Me.
†*Bail.* VVhat would you ſay? Stand by let him come near me:
‡*Webſ.* It's not ſo much for any Imputation,
The Lady hath unto my Occupation,
As for my Daughter, who but went away,
Out of her ſervice the Laſt *Whitſunday*,
VVho at her going, when ſhe crav'd her Fee,
The Lady lockt a gown up privily,
VVhich was into my Daughters Keeping, ſo
Her Fee thus poynded, ſhe got leave to go:
Judge you ſir Baily, for I cannot read,
If this be not a crying ſin indeed.
**Bail.* If you be true, I think Madam you wrong him.
**Lady*, I know as much, ſir Baily, as would hang him.

†*Bail.* Into this Ground he ſhall no longer ſit,
Wherefore I warn you preſently to flit.
†*Welſt.* Muſt it be ſo, for any thing *I* ſee,
My Iounty's like unto my Daughters Fee.
†*Off.* Go get you gone in time, if you be wiſe,
Leſt you paſs to the Knowledge of a Size.
†*Bail.* To ſpeak the truth, good Servants now are Scant,
Their Fees likewiſe are grown exorbitant.
†*Clerk*, It is no marvell, ſir, tho it be ſo,
Bar. Tell me the reaſon, Clerk, before you go.
Clerk, Where Barons wont to keep ſome four, ſome three,
They ſtedded have ſuch Superfluity;
One ſerves the Cure perhaps of little Valour,
The Laird his Jackman is the Ladys Tailor,
The Stewart, Cook, and Browſter now are one,
All gallant Fellows to the warrs are gone;
In one mans perſon this pluralitie
Makes men indeed to crave a larger Fee;
And Ladys Gentle-women (as they call them)
A world of Gifts muſt now a Days be'all them
To ſow, to ſpin, weave *Pearline*, and knit ſhanks,
To page the Laird, and win the Stewarts Thanks:
She muſt be rare in all theſe handy trads,
Caſt off her Gown, and ſyne go make the beds;
At all Occaſions ſhe muſt ſtill be ready,
Or elſe ſhe is not meet to ſerve my Lady.
†*Bail.* Clerk, by your Leave, I'le teach the Laird a Trick,
Requeſts you ſee inſtead of preſſe go thick,
Offer unto ſome Captain two or three
Of *Yeomen*, men within the Barony,
By Violence e're they aboord be brought,
They'll rather ſtay and ſerve the Laird for nought. †*Ten.*

†*Ten.* Baily, Forſooth your Counſell ay was good,
An heavy Curſe we give you to conclude.
†*Bail.* Your VVorſhip will take yon for Me I trow,
†*Bar.* Such Caſualitys belong to you.
†*Bail.* Sir, I requeſt you for the Clerk provide them.
†*Clerk* Nay, rather, ſir, betwixt you two divide them.
†*Lady*, Clerks ay were Knaves: Take up your books, and gilt,
You faſh the Laird, your Dinner, ſir, is ſpilt.
†*Baron*, Up ſtay the Pleugh, and let Us kill a Mouſe,
I and the baily muſt have one Carouſe.

Vivet poſt Funera VIRTUS.

FINIS.